

CARRIERS' TO THE P OF THE MONTREAL TR

JANUARY

Oh, swiftly flies Time!—how quickly comes
round
The season when greetings and treatings
abound,
Yet New Years, though welcome, indelibly
trace
The wrinkles of age, as they pass, on the
face;
Still, though their recurrence will certainly
shed
A silvery ripeness on many a head,
We hail with delight the approach of the
day
That casts those enjoyments of life in our
way,
Whose yearly returnings are sure to impregn
The soul with that kindness, that keeps the
heart green.

Well worthy of record, and startlingly clear,
Are scenes that are crowded within the past
year:

How Liberty struggled to remedy woes,
And Tyranny gasped in expiring throes;
How despots conceded, in hopes to avert,
The strife that impends, when their subjects
assert

A right to that freedom of action and mind
Inscribed on the charter that God gave man-
kind—

Away with their sinister promises,—for
Concessions from tyrants are preludes to
war.

On Italy's mountains, her valleys, her plains,
Where Nature in beauty surpassingly reigns,
The war-cry was heard, and her children's

There were valliant police, with pot stick and
white belt,
No sugar nor salt men, that a shower might
melt,
But a strong able-bodied, and hard-fisted
corps,
That could capture old vagrants, or drunkards
could floor.

There were bands of fine music, that strode
on together,
With Lecompte at their head, in gold lace
and red feather.

There were scarlet-clad soldiers, who often
had won
A stoutly fought battle, with the bayonet and
gun.

There were sturdy brigades of brave firemen
too,
In their jackets and trowsers of red, white
and blue.

There were squadrons of horsemen, to hinder
a crush,

When the crowd, ever eager, seemed likely to
rush—

Bold, strapping, mustachood dragoons, never
loath

To hurl at a crusher a trooper's round oath.

There were cocked-hat officials, long, short,
lean and fat,

And a bishop beside, in triangular hat;
With lawyers in plenty, who wouldn't have
lamented

To worry the train, had a fee been presented.
Even doctors left sick rooms, the concourse
to swell,

Thus giving their patients a chance to get
well.

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Imparting
The temple
With all A
Its ceiling
That taste
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The tables
That heart
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There we
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And pastry
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The swellings of music are heard in the night
Imparting a thrill of intensest delight.
The temple of pleasure entrances the eye
With all Art can adapt, or Wealth can supply.
Its ceiling is tinted with warmest of hues
That taste in the arabesque style can infuse,
In circles of light its circumference shines
With clear mellow radiance that softly de-
fines.
The tables were served with the daintiest fare,
That heart might desire, or hands could pre-
pare.
There were fish, flesh, and fowl, in profusest
array,
And side dishes, too, made attempting dis-
play :
There were salads of every conceivable
make,—
Suggestive of nightmare to those who par-
take,—
And pastry beside of such delicate kind,
One's teeth water now, as it runs in the mind,
Confections were plenty.—O ! luscious de-
light !—
They melt in the mouth as they yield to the
bite.—
Indigenous fruits in abundance were found,
With others that told of a tropical ground :
While vases of flowers in beautiful bloom
Diffused over all a delightful perfume.
Nor must we look over the happy design
Adopted for cooling and serving the wine,
On butlers, your glass waited not, to be filled,
For fountains of marble the nectar distilled,—
The rich coloured Claret streamed gentle and
slow,
While sparkling Champagne came with

In bran new blue broad cloth, and burnished
gold lace,
They made no small show in that glittering
place ;
There was fat-bodied Galt in a sorrowful
plight,
Almost bursting the seams, his fit was so
tight,
There Public Works Rose—known as tall
lanky John,
Was pothered to death to retain his suit on ;
And Kingston Macdonald had,—strange, but
quite true,
As restless a face as the wandering Jew,
And like him he looked, as his terrible nose
Stuck out as if guarding his beautiful clothes.
The rest of that crew, were all present as
well,
And how they appeared, time forbids me to
tell.
But with gold and with indigo, there were
they all
In grand courtly costume, adorning the ball,
Looking just like a troupe,—so many have
said—
Of show-men belonging to Governor Head.

The one who attracted most notice that night,
With gentle deportment, and figure but slight,
Was England's young prince, in whose honour
we all
Paid ten dollars each for the supper and ball
His manner was easy, with something of shy-
ness,—
(A thing very rare in a royal young high-
ness ;)
His dress was a colonel's bright uniform

Concessions from tyrants are preludes to war.

On Italy's mountains, her valleys, her plains,
Where Nature in beauty surpassingly reigns,
The war-drum was heard, and her children's
life-blood

Streamed over the land like a crimsoning
flood ;

Oppression had striven, with merciless hand,
To rivet the fetters that selfishness planned,
But chafed with the pressure, for freedom
athirst,

Oppressed ones determined those fetters to
burst,

And led by a hero, whose virtuous mind,
Sought only the good of his country and kind,
They rushed to the battle, to combat for
right,

Nor long was the conflict, for first in the fight
The "red-shirted" hero undauntedly shone
With effort too pure for reward or a throne.
And now that success has been sent where
the aim

Was saving a people from thralldom and
shame.

May Prudence continue what boldness attain-
ed

And Wisdom establish what victory gained.

On a page of the past, there is mentioned a
day

When a Prince on his journey, came rambling
this way ;

He a *real* Prince was, not a "count" nor a
"lord."

But the son of a Queen, by her subjects adored,
Amidst booming of cannon, whose roar, al-
though loud,
Scarcely equalled the cheers of a jubilant
crowd,—

The waving of banners, and an anthem's sweet
strain,

Prancing steeds, clashing sabres, and drench-
ings of rain,

Umbrellas extended, from which drippings
ran on

Bonnets, dresses, and shawls, till their glory
was gone,

And foul mud that bespattered high over the
knees,—

His young Highness was landed,—in horrors
like these.

When our Mayor, with elegant bow, and
sweet smile,

Read over the address, in his very best style.
Then onward the sinuous procession was
marched

Through crowds that were staring, and
through streets that were arched,

To worry the train, had a fee been presented.
Even doctors left sick rooms, the concourse
to swell,

Thus giving their patients a chance to get
well.

And the judges, good men, ever ready to
please,

In the cortege rode on, seeming quite at their
ease.

For a wonder, the clergy were found to unite,
And turned out in neck-ties of immaculate
white.

There also appeared our city Recorder,
With laced hat and toga in finest of order,
Mayor Rodier shone bright, as the city's up-
holder,

With civic gold chain on his bosom and
shoulder.

The Societies mustered, as all are aware,
For St. Patrick's, St. George's, St. Andrew's
were there ;

But the "Friends of poor Paddy" above all
the rest

Were considered, for splendid arrangement,
the best,

For their President, Collis, wore circling his
neck,

A pure massive gold badge, free from tarnish
or speck ;

So that he and the Mayor were all that we find,
Were so dazzlingly splendid, as almost to
blind,—

And attracted such notice, that both on that
day

Were considered fine men—but each one in
his way ;

So the pageant rolled on with its medley of
forms,

Like a restless big wave that was cradled by
storms ;

Or it looked, speaking plain, as it swayed up
and down,

Like a monster menagerie just come to town.

But His Highness, God bless him, while mov-
ing along

In the midst of that motley and glittering
throng,

With his modest demeanor, and juvenile
face,—

Striking contrast to hairy-faced Newcastle's
Grace,—

Was the object on which the fair ladies' bright
eyes

Kept lingering with looks that description
defies ;

And their raptures broke out in praises so
zealous,

That lovers that day, of the Prince were
quite jealous.

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Adopted for cooling and serving the wine,
On butlers, your glass waited not, to be filled,
For fountains of marble the nectar distilled,—
The rich coloured Claret streamed gentle and
slow,
While sparkling Champagne came with
readier flow.
And tart lemonade, milder drink, people say,
From generous marble too, trickled away,
That all might be pleased,—so the stewards
aver,—
To be cheered or be griped, as taste might
prefer.

O who can describe the sensations you meet
In soft swaying sounds from bright dancers'
small feet
As in rich undulations, fair figures keep time
To heart stirring tones of the music's sweet
chir,—
Such feelings this night you might have to
your fill,
For dancers kept pounding the floor with a
will,
In "Lancer" and "Gallop" while Nature
was able,
Then went and refreshed at the supper spread
table,
In satins and poplins, the ladies were
dressed,—
It may be that some to white muslin con-
fessed,—
With drouces of lace the full skirts were en-
riched,
Or may be 'twas tarlatan cunningly stitched :
Head dresses were seen full of flowers and
gold,
And pearls on young necks,—(and perhaps
some on old,)—
Some mishaps occurred, but these incidents
were
So trifling, as scarcely worth mentioning here,
Sometimes a false drouce from a garment
came down
And trailed quite undignified after the gown,
Till a tramp on the train,—increasing the
tear,
Of injury done, made the owner aware,—
It likewise so happened, that once Captain
Erle
Was tripped by his partner in making a whirl,
And sad to relate, in an instant—not more,
The lady and Captain both rolled on the
floor.
The Army and Navy that night in the room,
Were well represented, we safely assume;—
Her Majesty's ministers also were there,
Forgetful for once of political care,—

Paid ten dollars each for the supper and ball
His manner was easy, with something of shy-
ness,—
(A thing very rare in a royal young high-
ness;)
His dress was a colonel's bright uniform
styled—
Enough to make half of our ladies run wild.
And on the soft hearts of these beautiful
creatures,
Forever was stamped his appearance and
features.
The staring we did was excusable, since
Our chances are few for beholding a prince;
And if to get near him we crowded each
other,
It was in respect for the son and the mother.
In dancing he showed a most excellent taste,
For well he knew how to encircle a waist;
In "quadrille" and "polka" right well he did
duty,
(Whenever his partner possessed any beauty;)
And twenty-one times the young prince had
to dance,
Thus giving that number of ladies a chance
To grasp a brief pleasure, whose boasting
survives,
On memory's page for the rest of their lives.

Southward the loud cry of Secession is heard,
And statesmen turn pale at the sound of the
word;
The alarm that is felt is sufficient almost
To break the repose of great Washington's
ghost.
With keen self-upbraidings that spirit should
bow,
If conscious of what is transpiring just now;
His genius and valour an empire built,
But left in its charter a sanction for guilt.
Like a germ of disease it has rankled since
then,
A license for wrong, and a torture on men.
And fatal it spread, till disruption has torn,
That union of States, a republic had borne.
Nor Heaven itself will that sovereignty save,
That fetters God's image, and calls it a slave.
Reflections like these should encourage the
mood
That touches the heart with sincere gratitude;
For our country is one where Freedom can
claim
A something more sound than the myth of a
name;
And we boast of a land where the "TRANSCRIPT"
is printed,
And its patrons have never its Carriers
stinted.